

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

All The Year Round

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 278.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

MARRIED TO ORDER.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

Author of "Joan Vellacot," "A Woman of Forty," "Kestell of Greyatone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM SUNSHINE TO SHADOW.

THE next day the Princess was no longer of the same mind. When everything had been arranged for the walk, and Philip with a beaming countenance had appeared carrying a shawl and a sunshade, Penelope declared that she would rather stay with Mrs. Bethune, and begged the others to leave her. Every one was indignant, for Penelope seemed to take her natural place as queen of the party. Dora could not be comforted, but as Adela accepted Penzie's kind offer to take her place, telling her sister that she must come and entertain Miss De Lucy, there was nothing more to be said. Penelope and Mrs. Bethune watched the party start. Philip with Adela, Dora and Miss De Lucy, Forster and Mr. De Lucy. Philip came back with the trivial excuse that he had forgotten to order his wife's tea, but it was in truth only to whisper to her:

"Shall I stay, dearest? Nothing is nice without you." He, however, only received a chilly refusal.

"Please don't, I shall be happier alone with Mrs. Bethune." Then she returned to Forster's mother, and the two sauntered into the wood near by.

"It is very kind of you to stay with me. Indeed it is. I have been telling Forster that we had better all go back together, and that you must come and stay with us before you go north."

"Thank you, I should like it, but—no, I must not."

"There is Forster making himself agreeable to that Mr. De Lucy," she said, watching the retiring figures. "This rest has quite answered for him; he is much better and more cheerful than he has been of late. I wish he were more like other people."

"Oh, no! I don't wish that. He is perfect," said Penzie quickly. "One can believe in him and trust him."

"It is very kind of you to say this. I know I am a partial mother, but I am glad you can appreciate Forster, though being a bride, your husband must be—"

"Philip thinks the same," murmured Penzie, wishing people would not talk of her husband. She tried so hard to forget him.

"Mr. Winskell is a wonderful man himself. If you had been my daughter-in-law, dear Princess, you would have had to hear Mr. Gillbanks's praises often sounded. Forster is so partial to his friends. Has he told you about this dreadful idea of a colony? Lord Rookwood will be made to take it up, and at the bottom of his heart I know he hates colonies."

"Yes, I am almost sure Philip will want to go with him. You would be happier if he did."

"No, no, my dear Princess. Your husband must run no risk. I can't bear to think of Forster out there, but Forster says it is much healthier than the East end of London, and it is only for a year they will want leaders."

"I promise you that Philip shall go with him," said Penelope suddenly.

"No, don't make promises. The poor dear blacks of Africa won't dare to eat up so many men. They do eat men somewhere in Africa, I know, but Forster says he will avoid that district. I wish he

would marry and settle down. Sometimes I can't help thinking he has been in love, but I don't ask much, and he never tells me. I'm so afraid it might be with a poor dear girl without h's. Forster has such queer notions, you know. It seems strange that he is my son."

"When he was a boy did he have these ideas?"

"Yes, he was born with them, I can't think why. They were not inherited, because really I am very sorry for the poor, but I prefer people who wash more, and it is so difficult to help them. Forster won't let me give them money. It all seems such a puzzle, doesn't it?"

So the two women talked on, both happy because of their common topic of interest; but just when the sun was sinking and Mrs. Bethune was beginning to watch for the returning party, the hotel porter came to look for Penelope. He had a telegram in his hand.

Penelope turned pale. It was from her uncle.

"Your father is worse; return at once.
"GREYBARROW."

"I must go and pack up my things. Uncle would not have written that without reason. I have been very happy here. I am very sorry to go." Then she turned back and took Mrs. Bethune's hand. "If I had had a mother like you, I should have been a more useful woman—and a happier one, perhaps."

She did not wait for the answer, but went to her room to pack up her possessions as quickly as possible. Philip found her thus engaged when he came in.

"Dearest, what does this mean?" he asked, for he had not seen Mrs. Bethune. She handed him the telegram.

"I must go at once, you see."

"Of course we must. You are quite right. I shall go and see about a carriage. Give me the time table."

"There is no reason to spoil your holiday, Philip," she said slowly.

"Penzie!" He used her home pet name, but he noticed the frown on her face.

"As you like, but my father has never made up his mind to your presence."

Philip did not answer but went to his own room, and silently packed his things. Then they both went down to table-d'hôte dinner. Penelope saw that Forster was sitting next to Miss De Lucy, and that he was talking to her. It was better she should go and see him no more. It could

make no real difference to her, but she liked watching his face and hearing him talk. She liked it even though these hours of pleasure gave her some bitter pangs of conscience. Philip, who ought to have been everything to her, only repelled her. But she must have him with her always, always!

When she spoke this evening, it was in her old haughty manner, and Dora was in despair, for she had fancied that Penelope had become like other people.

"You must let us come and see you very soon, won't you? Adela and I will miss you so much, and so will Forster."

"Oh, one soon forgets people," said Penelope.

"Do you think so? We Bethunes don't. We are famous for sticking to people through thick and thin."

"Thank you," said Penelope, under her breath.

"Of course we feel as if our Princess were part of the family, don't we, Forster? You see Mr. Gillbanks has been so intimate with Forster that you two will—"

"But one cannot always adopt people who are married to one's friends."

"The wives of one's friends," said Dora. "Well, no, not always, but with you it is different."

The parting in public was, as are all such partings, a farce. Penzie's remarks were trivial and commonplace, yet her heart seemed to stay with these good, simple people. She had never known any such before, and leaving them was to her like parting with her best thoughts.

All too soon the carriage drove up to the door, and amidst good-byes and advice, Philip saw that everything was stowed away.

Forster came and shook hands with her.

"Good-bye, you must let Philip bring you back here again some day; next summer if you can leave home. You like this place. Then if I am far away at my settlement, I shall be able to fancy you all here."

"Yes," said Penelope quietly.

"Do let us know how you get home," said Mrs. Bethune. "We shall soon follow you."

"It will be dull without you both," put in Dora.

Then the coachman cracked his whip, and Penelope waved her hand.

When they had turned the corner she leant back against the cushions, and closed

her eyes. The picture looked very black and cheerless, and life very purposeless.

"You are sorry to leave them, dearest," said her husband.

"Yes, I am very sorry."

"I wish we had not been recalled, and I wish you had sent me back alone." Her heart gave a bound. "Oh! if that had been possible," but aloud she said :

"It was impossible."

"Yes, I know."

Then seeing that Penelope preferred silence, he gazed at the distance and wondered about the problem that lay so near to his heart.

They hurried on to Paris, staying there one night, then on to London, and taking the night train they went northward; Philip doing everything for his wife's comfort, seeing to everything for her, and longing for one word of recognition; but he received only the cold civility she might have given to a stranger.

At last the trees of the Rothery glen were in sight, and the Palace towers peeped above their cradle of foliage.

A blush of pleasure spread over Penelope's face. This was the home she had done so much to save. Surely her father must live to enjoy it; surely she was not to be deprived of her triumph.

Then the gates were passed, and Jim Oldcorn came running up.

"Oh! Miss Penelope, it's ya day only you gaun past here, and what d'ye duat now, there's over much trouble here."

"How is the King?" said Penelope, turning pale; but before Jim could answer, the carriage pulled up at the front door, and the Duke hastened towards them.

"Penzie, my child—my poor child, how tired you must be; I see, Philip, you have taken good care of her."

"Tell me, uncle, tell me the worst," she said.

"Your father is better—much better in health. His strong constitution has weathered the storm, but—"

"Better," said Penelope, thinking of the hurried journey, "better, then—"

"Yes, the doctors were wrong, he has gradually recovered the use of his limbs. It is strange, very strange."

"You said he was worse."

Penelope looked round and noticed the alteration in the old home. Her heart sank. Everything was changed.

"Look, Gillbanks," said the Duke. "What do you think of this room? We have been hard at work."

The dining-room into which the Duke led them was beautiful beyond recognition. But what was even more surprising was the change in the daily life. A butler and a footman had received the travellers, and a dinner, fit for the returned Princess, was soon served. All this was the work of Philip's money. The Duke had, indeed, been happy, and was now in his element.

The suite of rooms set apart for the pair was as much unrecognisable as the dining-room. Penelope felt strange and unhappy. She had hoped to find herself in the old home with the same old servants and to return to the happy-go-lucky ways of her girlhood; but she was mistaken. All was changed.

After dinner, during which Penelope had asked no questions, the Duke conducted her to the old drawing-room. Here money and art had done their best. The place was a delight to Philip, and even Penzie exclaimed over the exquisite panels, the deep seats and carved settles, and the rich silks and velvets which had transformed poverty into wealth.

The coffee was brought in on the old family silver waiters. All was carried out according to the modern ideas of what was befitting the rank of the Princess of Rothery.

"Well, Philip, have I done as you wished?" said the Duke, with kindling eyes.

"It is certainly more the place where she should live," said Philip, glancing at the beautiful woman men called his wife.

"It is not all finished. One turret is in a sad state, but they are working hard at it, and the other one must not be touched."

Penzie rose, and came wearily towards her uncle. Of one thing she was certain, that her sacrifice had made him happy. He liked the new casket.

"Tell me, uncle, what is the truth about my father? Why have I not seen him?"

"Because—I don't know, but now that he walks about, with the help of a stick, he is more—more—well, you and your husband may as well know the truth; he is stronger in health but his mind is strangely clouded at times. They think the sight of you may do him good. The doctors insisted on my sending for you. They say he is not bad enough to be removed. Listen, I hear his step. He wanders about in a restless condition, but at times he will not let any one see him. Ah! I hear him."

The King entered. He was dressed in

his old fashion, in dirty rough fustian, but his manner was not the same. The crafty, cunning look was still there, but there was another expression on his face which made Penzle shiver.

"There you are, wench. Ah, ah, it's time you were at home. There are robbers here, everywhere; they take my money, and they are always looking for it. But I'm not a fool, I'm not a fool. Who's that man? Another robber. Hunt him away from here. Where are the dogs?—call Jim Oldcorn to drive him off. I won't have any strangers in my house. Come, off with you."

Penelope placed herself between her father and Philip.

"The Winskells have always shown hospitality to strangers," she said severely.

"Nonsense, girl. The man is a robber, he will rob me. Hunt him off. Hark, girl, listen. They have taken away your brother, and I am looking for him. That man knows where he is. Tell him to send for him, and the devil take you both." Then suddenly turning away, the King hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER XXV. HIDDEN.

ALL that night Penelope could not sleep. The shock of seeing her father's state had affected her nerves, and in this newly furnished room she hardly knew herself. She sat down by the open window, though it was chilly now, and wondered what she should do with her future. Philip and her uncle would go on improving the old place, and she would begin the old life, and yet after all it was not the old life. All the joy had gone out of it. She had been filled with a great passion then, and an object in life, and now that she had attained it, it seemed so useless, so worthless without happiness.

But in the old days she had never striven for happiness, never believed it was necessary.

The Palace was wonderfully changed, it was rising from its ruins, but the price she had paid for it was very heavy. Then she began to blame herself. Why should she regret the sacrifice because it had proved a real sacrifice, and not of the kind she had expected? No, she would not despair, it was well worth it. Her father was not an exile from the home of his fathers, and her uncle, the one relation she loved with all her heart, was satisfied. No compunction ever troubled him, no regrets embittered his life.

The night was calm, if chilly. As she looked out on the courtyard, she saw Nero lying asleep on the flag-stones. She gazed at the moonlight playing on the trees of the glen, and making black shadows in the crevices. Life was quiet and peaceful here on the outside.

Suddenly as she gazed, Penelope saw the big dog stretch himself and cock up his ears. Then he rose slowly and stretched himself again as if he were conscious of a noise, but evidently it was not one hostile to his owners.

"Nero!" She was bending out of the window. "Nero! What is the matter?"

Nero looked up at her and wagged his tail. His look was almost human; then he trotted to a little door just underneath Penelope's window. She heard a footstep and the stump of a stick. It must be her father. He ought not to be going out at this time of night. His madness would lead him into danger. Penelope wrapped herself up in a dark cloak and determined to see what would happen. She must guard the old man if possible, since he could not now guard himself.

Opening the door quietly she walked along the passage, and went down some little back stairs. All was silent, for the servants were fast asleep. She walked softly on tip-toe for fear of frightening the King, then having reached the door she saw that it was ajar. Her father had certainly gone out. She stepped out into the courtyard and looked around. Just at this moment the moon shone forth, and Penelope saw the old man slowly groping his way round the enclosed space, now and then tapping the bricks with a small hammer.

What could he be doing? Never had she seen her father thus employed. Had his madness taken this form, or was he looking for something? She walked across the yard and coughed a little, so as to her make her approach heard.

The King turned round sharply.

"Father!" she said. "It is only me. Why are you out so late?"

"Why are you out so late?" he repeated. "Come here, Penelope. You are my child and true to the old traditions. Eh? Yes, I know you are, but you doubted me. What did it mean? Eh? Why was my son killed, killed, and why were you left? Come close, Penelope, and listen. Tell me, why have you brought this stranger here? Eh? What does he mean by lording it over me? Why did he bring his money here?"

"He is my—— I have married him. I have saved the house of Winskell."

"You — Penelope. Ah! You, a girl. What could you do? What nonsense, child."

"I have done it," said Penzle a little angrily, but trying to remember that she was speaking to her father, and that he was not answerable for his words.

"More fool you, then. You and Greybarrow believe that you know everything. Do you think the King of Rothery wanted your help?"

"But you know, father, that the land was mortgaged, and that very soon——"

"Greybarrow is a fool, and so are you," he repeated. Then changing his tone, he said more quietly: "Look here, girl, since I have been ill my memory is bad, I can't remember; I have tried to remember but I can't. Where is it?"

"Where is what? Why don't you come in? You are not strong enough to be out."

"Strong enough, what nonsense. I was ill, of course. It was the shock of your brother's death. That did muddle me. I don't say I am what I was, but the old will is here."

"Come, father," she said again, "come away."

"You think I'm not sensible, but you are wrong, Penelope, with your cursed pride and your fine airs. Why did you do it without consulting me?"

Penelope shivered a little. It was cold, and the old man looked wild.

"You thought I was useless," she said in a low, earnest voice, "but I have proved you were wrong."

"How? Tell me how. You have made a fine mess of it all. I can see that."

"The house is being rebuilt, and the mortgages are paid off."

"Well, well, fools will be fools; but hark you, girl, I could have done it all myself without your interference. I dare say you and Greybarrow thought yourselves mighty clever. Penelope, come close; these strange servants are always watching us. Listen, do you know how your uncle paid for your fine things?"

"Father, come in," she said, touching his arm.

"You're only a girl; you forget I am King in my own house. Listen, come close. Greybarrow played for his pleasure. He is a gambler. I never was. I—I prefer honest toil."

"I shall call my uncle, father, if——"

"Hush, girl. I'll tell you, I must find it." "Find what?"

"Why, the money of course. It's somewhere, but that cursed accident deprived me of my memory."

"The money! There is none. You are dreaming; it's all fancy," she said impatiently.

"Fancy! Ah! That's you all over, Penelope—you and Greybarrow. I tell you that money is somewhere. I must find it. Somewhere, there is enough and to spare. Your old aunt wasn't such a fool as you are. She knew we should want it, and she left me the secret. I kept it well, but now, curse it, it's gone, and I must find it—I shall find it. It's under some stone, Penelope. Don't tell any one, I'll find it. I shall try all the places round about, and yet it seems to me it wasn't quite near the house. It was—it was—— A man's only a block without a memory. Here, Penelope, try yourself."

He handed her the hammer, but she turned away, wondering what she should do. The crazed brain could not rest if this was the ruling idea.

"Wait a moment. I am tired. I'll rest now; but, Penelope, don't suppose I can't see. You hate that man. Eh! A Winskell never married beneath her yet. Do you know the story of your great-aunt? She loved a man of mean birth. Do you think she married him? No. She—— shall I tell you? She poisoned him—eh!"

The King looked at his daughter in a way which made her shudder.

"Come away, come back to the house."

The old man seemed to calm down then, and he followed her meekly. She helped him into his own room in the old turret, where he would allow no one to keep watch over him.

Then she returned to her own chamber, only to find Philip at the door.

"What is it? Can I help you? Oh, dearest, I saw you go out. You must let me watch your father, and help you. I am here for that."

"You, Philip! of course you can't. He hates strangers. No—you can do nothing, thank you."

Philip left her alone. His face was getting stern and set, but he never uttered a word of complaint. Sometimes when despair seized him, he wondered what evil fate had driven him to this place of sorrow, and why he had not, on that cold evening, been allowed to perish on the dales. Then he took himself to task for his cowardice.

"I must win her. I must win her. She is worth any sorrow. Oh, Penzie, my darling, if you loved you would love so truly!"

ABOUT FLAGS.

THE use of symbols and devices to represent communities and assemblages of men, as well as particular signs by means of which each member of a crowd might be distinguished from his fellows, must be a deeply rooted tendency in human nature. It has existed among all races from the earliest times; manifesting itself in various ways according as national traditions or individual caprice determined the choice of an emblem. One of the first forms under which this custom appeared was probably that institution, partly political and partly religious, known as totemism, which still survives in many American and African tribes. Under this system, each clan venerated as its progenitor and guardian divinity some animal or plant, the image of which serves as the hieroglyph of the clan in its picture-writing, and is inscribed on the tombs of the warriors instead of their personal names. Thus, among the North American Indians, the Wolf, the Tortoise, and the Deer; among the Bechuanas of South Africa, the Crocodile, the Lion, the Monkey, and the Elephant; are the emblems and names of various tribes. They are the objects of worship, and the members of each tribe abstain from wearing the skin or eating the flesh of the animal which they look upon as their ancestor and patron.

Among the more civilised nations of antiquity, the emblems which personified the state were derived from the religion of the state, and the standards under which the King marshalled his subjects and led them to battle were the representations of the national deities, or the symbols of their attributes. The most ancient records of the everyday life and institutions of bygone generations which have come down to us are the paintings and sculptures in the tombs and temples of Egypt, and there may be seen the soldiers of Thotmas and Ramses grouped according to their different provinces round a great variety of standards. These were not flags, but wooden or metallic images, brilliantly coloured and borne on tall poles decorated with floating streamers. Among them are seen the heads of Isis and Athor; tablets

inscribed with the monarch's name; and emblems of the gods, such as the sparrow-hawk of Horus, the crocodile of Sebac, and the jackal of Anubis.

The ensigns of the armies of the great empires of Chaldea and Assyria do not seem to have been so numerous or so varied as in Egypt, to judge by the representation of the campaigns of Assurbanipal which is furnished by the bas-reliefs of Korsabad. The few standards shown there consist of circular discs bearing two bulls running in opposite directions, or the image of Asshur, the tutelary divinity of the country, standing on a bull, and in the act of discharging an arrow. These figures are mounted on the ends of lances ornamented with tassels, and fixed to the front of the chariots of the generals.

A nation of warriors like the Jews would naturally be well provided with ensigns, and they are mentioned when in the wilderness the Children of Israel were ordered to "camp by their troops, ensigns, and standards, and the houses of their kindreds, round about the tabernacle of the Covenant." The sacred text does not describe the nature of these standards, but the Rabbinical commentators of the Middle Ages have supplied the deficiency and given minute details with regard to them; deriving the emblems of the four leading tribes from the mystical animals of the vision of Ezekiel, or the prophecy of Jacob to his sons; and the colours of their flags from the precious stones on the breastplate of the High Priest, on which the names of the twelve patriarchs were engraved. Thus we are told by Rabbi Jonathan ben Uzziel that the silken standard of Juda was of three colours, corresponding with those of the sardius, topaz, and carbuncle, and bore the figure of a young lion, as well as the names of the three tribes, Juda, Issachar, Zabulon, and the words, "Arise, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered and Thine adversaries be driven away before Thee." The standards of the other leading tribes were after the same fashion. That of Ephraim bore the figure of a young man; that of Dan a basilisk, or according to others an eagle; and that of Reuben a stag instead of an ox; "for Moses the prophet altered it, that the sin of the calf might not be remembered against them." As these figures were embroidered and not graven, the Talmudic writers maintained that they did not infringe the prohibition directed against the images of living things; but,

in all probability, the Jewish ensigns must have been like the Egyptian, wooden or metal tablets of various shapes set upon lances, for the Hebrew word for a standard means a thing which shines from afar, and they were certainly not emblazoned with any emblem forbidding by the law.

There is no indication in the *Iliad*, nor in any more recent classical writer, that the Greeks ever carried flags in battle to mark either the nationality or the subdivisions of their troops. It is true that when Hector had routed the Greeks and driven them back to their entrenchments, Agamemnon is described as hastening through the crowd bearing in his hand a purple cloak; but this was not a banner, but an improvised signal to rally his soldiers in a moment of disorder. It was only at a much later period, when the Carians, a race of warlike mountaineers, who, like the Swiss in modern times, served as mercenaries in many lands, had initiated the custom of adorning their shields with devices, that the warriors of the different states could be distinguished by the letters or badges which they carried on their shields. The signals mentioned by Thucydides, which ordered the galleys to advance and engage the enemy, probably consisted in raising a brilliant shield or helmet on a lance, and equally primitive were those described by Polybius at the battle of Selbasia between the Peloponnesians and the Macedonians, when Antigonus ordered his Illyrian troops to attack as soon as a linen tunic was hoisted on the slopes of the neighbouring mountain, while the cavalry were to charge when they saw the King wave his red cloak in the air.

In the Roman army, on the contrary, there was a very highly-developed system of military ensigns, which, just as among modern nations, were regarded not merely as a rallying point for a given body of men, but as an emblem of the State, and were therefore surrounded with a veneration which degenerated into idolatry. From a tactical point of view the Roman standards were of more importance than the flag at the present day, for the movements of the troops were entirely regulated by them. According as they were raised and carried forward, planted in the ground, or turned towards the rear, in obedience to the sounds of the horns of the "cornicines," the army broke up its camp and marched, or retreated and halted. In the camp the standards were planted before the General's tent, where their presence sanctified the

spot as though it were a temple, and rendered it a safe depository for the booty collected by the legion; it was to the standards the soldiers swore allegiance, and the first step of a pretender who sought to become Emperor was to seize the standards, as he thereby secured the fidelity of the legions. On feast days the "dusty, awe-inspiring standards," as Pliny calls them, were anointed with perfumes and decorated with garlands; on days of mourning they were stripped of their ornaments, and if, when the order to march was given, their bearers found it difficult to loosen them from the earth, it was looked upon as a fatal omen.

The Romans believed that the first ensign given by Romulus to the band of outlaws he had collected on the Palatine was a handful—"manipulus"—of hay raised on a pole, and that thence the smaller sub-divisions of the legion took their name. It is not recorded at what time more artistic devices replaced this rude contrivance, if, indeed, it ever had any existence; but it is certain that previously to the time of Marius five ensigns were carried in the Roman armies: the Eagle, the Wolf, the Minotaur, the Horse, and the Wild Boar. Marius abolished these with the exception of the Eagle, which was thenceforth carried at the head of the legion by the "aquilifer," under the guard of the "primipilus" or first centurion. The thirty "manipuli" of two centuries each, into which the ten cohorts composing the legion were divided towards the end of the Republic, had their special standards, which were carried in front of the "manipulus" during the march, and stationed in its rear during a combat. The ensign of the cavalry was the "vexillum," a small square banner attached to a crossbar at the end of a lance, and carried by each "turma," or squadron. The bassi-reliefs which wind round the column of Trajan, and record that Emperor's campaigns against the Dacians, are the principal source from which we have learned all that we know with regard to the arms and accoutrements of the Roman soldiers. We see there the forms of the different standards carried in the legions, and the strange costume of their bearers, who were clad in the skins of wild beasts, whose open jaws enveloped and covered their helmets. The eagles, originally of silver, but under the Empire of gold, were set on the top of a pole covered with silver and decorated with

crowns, commemorating the victories won by the legion ; they grasped the thunder-bolt, and their wings were extended in the act of flying. The standards of the "manipuli" consisted of a lance shod with iron that it might be firmly fixed in the ground, and ornamented with tassels and "phalerae," or embossed discs of silver, such as were given to soldiers as rewards for valour. Above these was usually a cross-bar bearing the number of the cohort, and from it hung purple ribands ending in silver ivy-leaves. On the summit was a lance-head or an open hand, the symbol of fidelity ; or a small shrine with the image of a deity. The ensigns of the Praetorian guards, instead of the plain silver "phalerae," bore golden crowns of laurel and small busts of the Emperor, which were torn down and replaced by others according as that very turbulent body of soldiers raised one pretender after another to the throne of the Cæsars. As these busts were not attached to the standards of the troops of the line, an image of the Emperor was carried in the ranks of the first cohort of every legion by an "imaginifer"; divine honours were rendered to these portraits, and Josephus describes the grief and indignation with which the inhabitants of Jerusalem learned that Pilate had introduced by night into the Holy City ensigns bearing the image of Cæsar, which his predecessors had always refrained from doing out of respect for the religion of the Jewish people.

The Eagles and their idolatrous worship were abolished by Constantine after the vision he had seen while marching against Maxentius, when a cross of light had appeared to him in the sky, surrounded by the words "*Ἐν τούτῳ νίκα*"—"In this sign thou shalt conquer." He adopted thenceforth a standard called the Labarum, consisting of a lance carrying on its summit, within a wreath, the letters "X P"—CHR—the monogram of the name of Christ, with a crossbar below it which held a purple banner bearing the images of the Emperor and his family, embroidered in gold and gems ; and this continued to be the Imperial ensign of Rome and of Constantinople while those empires lasted.

The Germanic tribes, before whose repeated attacks the institutions and the civilisation of Rome gradually crumbled away and finally disappeared, were accustomed, as we know from Tacitus, to guard in the depths of their forests images of wild beasts, which were brought out and

carried at the head of each tribe when it started on an expedition; and it is possible that from these ancestral emblems, combined with those inspired at a later period by Christianity, were derived the ensigns and armorial bearings of modern Europe. It would, however, be tedious, and in most cases impossible, to attempt to trace the course of this evolution, and the history of the two most ancient and interesting flags, those of France and of England, will suffice.

The monarchy of the Franks was the first to rise out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, but nothing certain is known with regard to the standard under which the Kings of the first race led their troops. We only know that from the time when Clovis visited the tomb of Saint Martin at Tours while on his way to attack the Visigoths, and brought away with him the Saint's cloak—"capa," or "capella"—this relic seems to have always accompanied the Merovingians in their wars. The portable oratory in which it was carried received from it the name of "capella," and the monks who bore it were called "cappelani": whence the words "chapel" and "chaplains." But it is now well established that the Kings of France did not carry as their standard the blue flag of the Abbey of St. Martin. That was borne by the Counts of Anjou as "advocati," or protectors of the Abbey, as the red flag of the Abbey of St. Denys was carried by its chief vassals, the Counts of Vexin, in the same capacity; and the only national flag which can be proved to have existed before the time of Philip the First—1060–1108—was the pennon given by Pope Leo the Third to Charlemagne. A mosaic picture which once filled the apse of the banqueting-hall built by Leo the Third in the palace of the Lateran, and a copy of which Benedict the Fourteenth caused to be placed beside the chapel of "La Scala Santa" close to the Basilica, represents the Emperor kneeling before Saint Peter, who gives him a blue flag ending in three points and ornamented with six roses. This was probably the flag which, according to the song of Roland, was first called the "Roman" flag, and afterwards "Montjoie," by which name the barons of Charlemagne hailed it when asking impatiently to be led to battle. It may be observed incidentally that the origin of this celebrated war-cry is one of those puzzles over which antiquaries have much disputed without arriving at any definite result. Some have derived it from the "Mons Gaudii," the hill of joy; now Monte Mario outside Rome, where Charle-

magne probably received the banner in presence of his troops. Others say that a "Montjoye" was a cairn raised on a field of battle as a sign of victory; others, again, that it was a pile of stones by the roadside to show the way, and that when the word was joined to the name of a saint—such as "Montjoie St. Denys," the war-cry of the Kings of France; "Montjoie St. André," that of the Dukes of Burgundy; "Montjoie Notre Dame," that of the Dukes of Bourbon—it meant "Follow the Saint's flag which leads the way to victory."

When Philip the First, upon the extinction of the male line of the Counts of Vexin, and the reversion of their fief to the crown, inherited the title of "advocatus" of the Abbey of St. Denys, the red flag of the Abbey became the national standard, under the name of the "Oriflamme." In later times a miraculous origin was ascribed to the new flag, and popular legends related how, together with the azure shield charged with golden lilies, it had been brought from Heaven by an angel at the time of the baptism of Clovis, and given to a hermit living near St. Germain-en-Laye to bear to the King. The etymology of the name has been another source of sterile discussions among the learned. It seems, however, to have been derived from the flame-like appearance of the cloven red pennon, as it waved in the air from its gilded lance. When the King was about to enter upon a campaign he took the flag from the Abbey with much ceremony. Surrounded by the great feudatories of the Crown, the monarch, putting off his cloak and girdle, went in procession to the altar, where were enshrined the bodies of Saint Denys and his fellow martyrs, and on which the flag, detached from its staff, was laid during the celebration of Mass. At its conclusion the King gave the Oriflamme to the knight chosen to carry it, who was sworn on the relics of the martyrs to sacrifice, if necessary, his life in its defence, and who then placed it round his neck, and thus carried it till the time came to raise it on the field of battle, where it took precedence of every other standard. At the end of the war it was brought back to the Abbey, placed again on the altar during Mass, and deposited in the treasury.

The first King who took the Oriflamme with these ceremonies was Louis the Sixth, when, in 1124, he prepared to repel the invasion of the Emperor Henry the Fifth; but no engagement took place, as the

bishops and nobles of France raised so large an army that the Emperor withdrew his troops; and Louis the Seventh was the first King before whom it was carried in battle during the Crusade of 1147. The Oriflamme led the armies of France in the Crusades of Saint Louis, and in the long wars against the English and Flemish; it was taken for the last time with the usual solemnities by Louis the Eleventh, when about to march against the Duke of Burgundy in 1465, and the last information with regard to the old flag which had had such a glorious history is given by Frère Jacques Doublet, a monk of St. Denys, who wrote, in 1626, that for many years he had seen the Oriflamme held by the statue of an angel fixed against the pillar to the left of the altar of the Holy Martyrs; and he quotes the description of it given nearly a hundred years previously by the Royal Commissioners, who made an inventory of the treasures of the Abbey. It was a standard of very thick "sandal" cleft in the middle like a pennon, very much worn, and wrapped round a staff covered with gilt copper, and ended by a long sharp lance.

The Oriflamme was replaced by another banner, which for many years had been carried immediately after it—the Royal banner of azure, charged with golden lilies, an emblem of which the origin cannot be traced with certainty. Some antiquarians have supposed that it represented the yellow flower of the iris in the blue waters of the marshes of Friesland, the primitive home of the Sicambrian Franks; others have derived it from the shape of the iron heads of the halberts and javelins carried by those warriors. The "fleur-de-lis," however, is found in many countries besides France, and ornaments the crowns and sceptres on the seals of the Emperor Barbarossa and Saint Edward the Confessor. Louis the Seventh—1137—1180—seems to have been the first King of France who wore the lilies emblazoned on his shield and embroidered on his Royal mantle. They were at first in indefinite number, but Charles the Sixth reduced them to three, as they have since always appeared on the arms of the Kings of France. This blue flag was in its turn supplanted by the white flag; but the exact date of the change cannot be fixed. According to M. Marius Sepet, the latest authority on the subject, a white cross had always been the badge of the French, as the red cross had been that of the English; this white cross was added to the blue flag during the

reign of Charles the Sixth or Charles the Seventh, and the substitution of a white flag for the blue must have taken place gradually during the succeeding reigns. Under Francis the First the newly created Colonel-General of Infantry was granted a white pennon, as a sign of his supremacy, which would seem to prove that at that time the Royal pennon or "cornette," which marked the presence of the King and his military household on the field of battle, was also white; and M. Sepet believes that the white standard was definitely adopted under Henry the Fourth, during whose wars the scarfs and badges of the Royalists had been white.

The last change of the flag was the work of the French Revolution. The three colours then adopted had been those of the liveries of the House of Bourbon since the time of Henry the Fourth; but it was not from thence that the new flag took its origin. When the electoral committee, which had chosen the Deputies sent by Paris to the States General, and still continued to meet at the Hôtel de Ville, decreed the formation of a National Guard in July, 1789, the colours of the City of Paris, blue and red, were chosen to form the cockade worn by the soldiers; and a few days later, at the suggestion of La Fayette, white was added, as the ancient colour of France. The white flag, however, still remained the official flag of the Kingdom; and it was first changed in the navy. In October, 1790, the National Assembly decided that the small flag carried on the bowsprit of a man-of-war should be of the three colours with the red next the staff, while the ship's ensign should bear them in its first quarter, the rest of the flag remaining white; and in 1794 the Convention adopted the present form with the blue next the staff. The military flag remained white, and a "cravate" of the national colours was tied to the staff; in 1791 the flag was surrounded with a "tricolor" band, and the three colours were carried in a canton. But before long this arrangement was looked upon as too Royalist; the "tricolor" was substituted, and the greater part of the old flags were burned in 1793.

Napoleon is said to have intended to replace the three colours of the Revolution by the white of the old monarchy, and the flag which floated over his palace was white charged with a golden eagle, and edged with a blue and a red border. The four first regiments of the line in the army

which invaded Portugal in 1811 wore white uniforms, and if the Empire had lasted, the flag of the "ancien régime" would probably have been restored. It was, indeed, raised again on the return of the Bourbons, but fell in 1830 for, apparently, the last time; though in a country like France, where the unforeseen generally happens, it would be rash to assert that it could never reappear.

Although mediæval chroniclers assure us that King Edwin of Northumberland used to have a standard carried before him in time of peace as well as in war, and that his successor, Saint Oswald, had a banner of purple and gold, which was suspended over his tomb, the earliest representation which we have of an English flag is in the Bayeux tapestry — embroidered probably shortly after the Conquest — and there King Harold may be seen fighting beside his ensign, a dragon waving from the top of a lance planted in the ground. The same tapestry shows us the pennon carried before the Duke of Normandy: it was white charged with a golden cross and surrounded with a blue border. The cross appears also on the pennons shown on the seals of the three Kings who succeeded, but no national flag would seem to have been as yet adopted, for at the battle against the Scots at Northallerton, in 1138, the standard, from which that action usually takes its name, consisted of a tall mast from which floated the banners of Saint Peter, of Saint Wilfrid of Ripon, and of Saint John of Beverley. A hundred years later we again meet with the dragon, for Henry the Third, in 1244, ordered Edward Fitz Odo to make a "standard in fashion of a dragon of red samite, sparkling all over with gold, with a forked tongue like burning fire, and seeming to be in continual movement, and with eyes of sapphire or of other suitable precious stones."

The red cross of Saint George was probably introduced into England by the Norman knights who had been to Jerusalem, whence Stephen, Earl of Blois, had brought back some of the saint's relics in 1101, and it was thenceforth the national device, although in the third Crusade, in 1188, it was agreed between Philip Augustus, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and the Count of Flanders that the French troops should have the privilege of wearing the red cross, which had always been the distinctive badge of the Crusaders; while the English should wear a white cross, and the Flemish a green one. As a standard, it is first

mentioned at the siege of Caerlaverock by Edward the First in 1300, where it was hoisted on the walls along with the Royal banner of gules charged with golden leopards; the banner of Saint Edmund, azure with three crowns or; and that of Saint Edward the Confessor, a cross flory between five martlets or, on an azure ground. During an earlier war against the Scots, Gilbert of Grymesby, one of the clergy of Saint John of Beverley, carried the banner of that Saint, and was rewarded with a living of the annual value of twenty marks; and in the campaign of 1300, the crimson velvet banner of Saint Cuthbert, richly embroidered with gold and green silk, and held to its staff by broad rings of silver, was carried by William of Greatham, a monk of Durham, who received five pounds for fifty-five days' service and four days spent in returning to his monastery. This banner seems to have been specially employed in warfare against the Scots, for, as late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Earl of Surrey, who was charged with the defence of the northern frontier in 1513, visited the Abbey of Durham to receive Saint Cuthbert's standard from the Prior.

While the Royal banner with the arms of England, the national flag of Saint George and other flags with personal cognisances and mottoes accompanied the Sovereign, the nobles had also their standards and banners; the former, very long and narrow, carried the badge and motto of the owner, the latter was emblazoned with his armorial bearings. Every knight banneret who led a body of men-at-arms had also a banner which, as well as the pennon of his lance, bore his arms, and the horsemen he commanded carried pennoncelles with the cross of Saint George and their own crest and motto. This multitude of brightly-coloured banners and pennons must have rendered a mediæval army a wonderfully brilliant and picturesque spectacle, whether on the march or drawn up in battle array, as they waved and fluttered above the flashing lances and armour of the warriors.

On the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the throne of England, the first Union flag was formed with the white saltire of St. Andrew and the red cross of Saint George; and on the Royal Standard the red lion of Scotland was quartered with the fleur-de-lis of France, the lions of England, and the harp of Ireland. The origin of the latter emblem is uncertain. The heralds of an earlier date ascribed to Ireland three crowns or, on an azure

shield, and some coins of the time of Edward the Fourth bear that device; but the golden harp appears first on the great seal of Queen Elizabeth, and was first quartered with the Royal arms by James the First. In 1801 the second Union flag was formed by the addition of the red saltire of St. Patrick, another emblem the origin and history of which cannot be traced, but it may be that, as the Duke of Leinster, the head of the Fitzgerald family, was the first Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick, instituted by George the Third in 1783, the heralds who designed the badge of the Order adopted for that purpose the Fitzgerald coat-of-arms, a white shield, bearing a red saltire, which thence took the name of the Cross of St. Patrick.

A GRANTED WISH.

(A FANT.)

"A GRANTED wish is oft a fatal boon."
So runs the Breton adage, grim and grave.
Truth lies, men say, in many an ancient rune;
'Twere well to ponder ere we hotly crave.
I helped one lifelong yearning to its end;
Hear, and judge for me, if I blessed my friend.
'Twas years ago, one gleamy April day,
When through the blue waves, starred with foamy
fleck,
The Antwerp steamer ploughed upon her way;
And I was pacing on the wind-swept deck,
And, looking down upon the forecastle,
I saw him, of whose wish fulfilled I tell.
Weary and frail, the tired old man drew
Close as he might the funnel's warmth to win,
For the keen sea breeze swept remorseless through
The threadbare garments he was shivering in.
I sought him, wrapped him in my plaid, and asked
Why thus alone his failing powers he tasked.
Then, while I lingered with my cigarette,
Like a child, comforted by warmth and word,
He told his story—I remember yet
The wondering pity that within me stirred,
Hearing how youth and manhood wearied past
With one long dream, whose waking came at last.

In a lone valley up in Cumberland,
Teacher at school, head of the village choir,
Tilling his little plot with patient hand,
Always his heart had hid one deep desire,
To wake—just once—the glorious harmonies
That slept in Härlem's giant organ keys.

I do not know how to the lonely lad
The dream of that fair foreign marvel came,
Nor how he gained the knowledge that he had,
But the strong yearning, thrilling all his frame,
Linked to the rush of wind or song of stream
The rolling voices of his waking dream.

The thunder of the mountain waterfall
He likened to the organ's mighty swell;
The blasts that through the rocky passes call
Seemed of its thrilling trumpet peals to tell;
And the poor music flute and fiddle woke
In his grey church, of Härlem's glories spoke.

And all the while, in silent, steadfast hope,
He saved and spared, denying to himself
All simple joys within his narrow scope,
Until the hidden hoard upon his shelf
Sufficed his purpose; but ere that was won
His hair was white, his days were well-nigh done.

Yet in a child's blind, ignorant faith he went
On his strange errand, with nor doubt nor fear,
Yet humbly grateful for the scroll I sent
To make his passage to his idol clear;
Chancing to know the man whose word could break
Through rule and wont, for my poor pilgrim's sake.

Another day, following to Haarlem. I
Asked of my city magnate of his guest,
Who, struck by his wan cheek and eager eye,
Told me that morning he, at my request,
Had led him to the mighty organ, where
He left him in a mood half trance, half prayer.

And for an hour, he said, the rolling waves
Of thunder music, over roofs and floors,
Through massive columns, over storied graves,
And through the great Cathedral's open doors,
Had flowed, in grand, majestic harmony,
O'er listening earth, up to the listening sky,

Then sank to silence, utter and profound.
No lingering cadence floated on the air;
Down the long aisles died no sweet sighing sound,
As, vaguely startled, we two entered there,
Treading with awestruck footsteps, strangely soft,
The winding staircase to the organ loft.

Crimson, and gold, and blue, the noonday light
Through storied panes fell on the yellow keys,
Tier upon tier; and on them, still and white,
Lay the old man's thin fingers, as at ease;
While, through the painted clerestory windows shed,
A golden glow lay on the hoary head

Leant on the oaken back of his high seat.
A radiant smile was on the quiet face;
Such smile as those we've loved and lost may greet.
And, in the silent, solemn, holy place,
We, as we speechless stood and looked on him,
Felt he was listening with the Seraphim

To music sweeter than the lovely strains
That fed the fancies of the lonely boy;
To music richer than the dreamy gains
That gave the tired man his hours of joy;
To music such as rings in heaven alone
From harps of seraphs round the great white throne.

Whether he died because the frail heart-strings
Snapped at the answer to his lifelong cry;
Whether because, as in all earthly things,
The dream transcended the reality;
Whether his granted wish brought good or ill,
I cannot tell: decide it as you will.

THE GLAMOUR OF SPRING.

I HAVE remarked that in my town the rates have a knack of rising in spring; that is to say, the councillors assembled cannot resist the seasonable impulse. A pretext is easily discovered. Either a new area has been condemned and an acre or two of old houses have to be pulled down at the town's expense, or a new sewage system, which in September seemed objectionable, seems admirable and irresistible in April or May; or generosity of a sudden runs rampant in the civic mind as sap in the trees, and it is decided unanimously to raise the salaries of all the corporation officials, and whitewash and renovate every public building in the borough. We burgesses are not concerned deeply to investigate the causes of this phenomenon. We have got used to it. So many pence

in the pound—or in a happy year but so many farthings—additional rate now seems as natural in the spring of the year as to see and hearken to the larks betwixt the brown fields and the blue, cloud-flecked heavens.

There is no doubt about it: when we have fairly done with winter's ice and snow—or think we have—our spirits are prone to leap with an almost extravagant degree of elation. The time of hope and promise has begun. The mind, like the creative or regenerative principle in nature, has been torpid for three or four months; and it has, again like nature—of which it is a microcosm—acquired strength in repose. If from November or December you have been brooding over an idea that seems to have great material or other profit innate within it, you may look to the spring to start it abruptly into practical existence. The fortune that at Christmas seemed a possibility is now a solid probability: you may even think of the castle, not necessarily in the air, which will be your eventual reward for your various cogitations. They were dismal and desperate enough at times, these cogitations, quite uncheered by aught except passionate desire. But now that the leaves are budding, and the birds carol against each other like Welshmen at a national festival, all doubt scuds from your mind. The world seems a good place and you see your way to carve a fortune out of it, and perhaps gain the veneration of mankind into the bargain.

I know a man of letters who is peculiarly susceptible to this vernal impetus. He has had, he tells me, fair success in the literary groove, which has, in spite of himself, claimed him for its own. But he has never been satisfied with the world or himself, because he has hitherto failed to write a three-volumed novel of sufficient merit to please a certain most exacting publisher. He has written nine or ten novels; but they are in manuscript. Each, he fondly hopes, is an improvement on its predecessor. Perhaps he is right in his hope; I cannot tell. He has read to me passages from several of them, which are certainly replete with good sense and not devoid of humour. But then that says nothing for the creation as a whole, and it is as a whole that a novel must be judged. However, regularly as the spring comes round, this persevering ant of a man recurs to his mournful piles of rejected manuscript, and puckers his forehead over them as he sanguinely attempts to discern wherein he has failed to fulfil

his purpose. And even while his mind ploughs its way through this vast and melancholy litter, an idea for a new effort grips him and imperatively insists upon developement. Thus, with the new spring, comes the beginning of a new novel. There may be only new disappointment and wailing at the end of it; but of that he knows nothing in the spring, any more than the rosebud that breaks so charmingly in June recks of its miserable decay in August or September. He is consoled for a time, and that is much. He may even succeed at last, and so get instant compensation for his many autumnal and wintry fits of green despondency and black despair.

It is the season that especially appeals to persons engaged in what I may term creative pursuits—artists, authors, composers and inventors. The poet now has his finest fits and purest inspirations. Nature accompanies him with her many voices, and lifts him to ecstasies unknown later in the year. He more than any of us can now revel in what Rudyard Kipling describes as the "clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often lest he should consider himself the equal of his God, and so refuse to die at the appointed time."

But though these men profit exceptionally by the vernal breezes, and the vernal sunshine, and soothing rain, we all share in the gain. What are the spring fashions but an outcome of this engrained seasonable longing for change? The weather has much less to do with the matter than sheer instinct. Even as the trees and shrubs now get new garments, so do our wives and daughters, who are more natural than ourselves, determine to be endowed in like manner.

Again, who that has but a dozen square yards of garden does not know the pleasure and pride they can confer? It is one thing to compose a poem or an opera, and one thing to till a plot of ground, sow seed therein, and tend your young cabbages or flowers until they have come to their prime. And there is little difference fundamentally in the kind of joy of these two pursuits. As Dr. Armstrong, in his old-fashioned but vigorous verse on "The Art of Preserving Health," reminds us:

To raise the insipid nature of the ground
Is to create, and gives a godlike joy,
Which ev'ry year improves.

Thus the commonest and meanest of gardeners or peasants may, if he will, taste of the rapture that attends upon the highest

kind of intellectual effort. A bed of spring onions ought to be enough for the purpose.

But the chief stimulus of all that comes to us with the mild westerly winds is the one that stirs our hearts. The birds begin their courtship, and the lambs are in the field. In like manner the breath of love breathes among us and sets many a tender maiden heart gently beating for the first time. The moonlit evenings of April are responsible for much, and so is the coquettish aspect of the country, when all the trees and hedges are in the first bloom of their verdure. The blackbird in the ash strains his throat to tell something of the fervour of his feelings. The youth sitting under the ash with his life's idol pillow'd fondly against his shoulder, is also at his best, while he ravishes the girl's ears with the tale of his passion and his determination to make her wedded life with him one long sweet psalm of joy. True, the odds are that our young friend does not fly to quite so lofty a pitch as this—does not even aim at such an elevation. But the occasion, and the season, and the melodious blackbird overhead, all combined, bring the lovers into a state of mental transport which stir the imagination to its deepest depths. Perhaps the lad's theme is all—or nearly—on the simple text: "I'm getting a pound a week now, and next year it will be thirty shillings, and we can live on that, can't we, my darling?" Even if it be so, it will suffice. The maiden fancy, like the maiden heart, is, in April or May, free of all fetters. It can make an Adonis of Caliban, and see an endless vista of felicity in the married life that begins with love and thirty shillings a week, and goes on to middle age with nine children and still but thirty shillings a week. The sweet spring glamour is over all; and the cuckoo murmuring in the wood puts the crowning touch to the romance that for the moment possesses all existence.

There is a story told of a servant-maid and a carpenter who began their wooing in youth. Circumstances hindered their marriage. The servant-maid in time grew into a housekeeper. She was still unwedded; in fact, she had become a middle-aged woman. The carpenter still loved her and was still true to her. But gradually they talked less and less about marriage. Their intimacy for nine months in the year was one of firm, tried friendship merely. Only when the spring came round did the carpenter renew his more ardent vows and wishes—with entreaties, faint yet still

sincere, that his love would name the day. This hot fit lasted while the spring lasted. Afterwards their normal intercourse was resumed. So it went on for years until the woman inherited a little money from her mistress, who had died. She was then grey-haired. But another new springtime was at hand; and now at last the faithful swain won his way with her. They had their final courtship-walk by the riverside under the willows, and in June one day they were married.

Nothing is so effective in life as unswerving, stubborn perseverance; and never is a man more spurred on to strong deeds than in this hopeful season of the year. It seems impossible that now, when Nature is smiling with promise, honest human endeavour should be in vain. I imagine it is the time of all times when company promoters of all kinds lay their snares for the simple-minded. Twenty per cent. would in November seem too barefaced a lure even to the least sophisticated of old maids or country parsons. But with the landscape gorgeous in its panoply of bud and blossom by the hundredfold, twenty per cent. seems quite a reasonable — though none the less attractive — rate of interest on invested money.

An ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory and conjecture. On this subject, then, I may add that during the last week I have received ten brazen circulars from stockjobbers and prospectus-mongers, whereas an ordinary week brings me scarcely a couple such beguiling documents.

The spring is the time for exhilarating colour. What can be more delightful than a larch-wood in late April or May, with its golden tips glowing in the sunshine? The autumnal tints of a beech-wood are gorgeous enough, but they do not gladden like the graces of spring. They are the glories that herald decay, the tokens of a superb maturity on the decline. One must be in a particular mood to appreciate such tokens. On the other hand, the bright gold and green of spring is eternally refreshing. Hope and vigorous intentions run riot at the sight. It is impossible to feel bored in the country in spring.

Here is a gay picture of April done by an English writer in 1661, when the winter of Puritanism had just had its solemn and supercilious nose put lamentably out of joint:

"The youth of the country make ready for the morris-dance, and the merry milk-maid supplies them with ribbons her true love had given her. The little fishes lie nibbling at the bait, and the porpoise plays in the pride of the tide. The shepherds entertain the princes of Arcadia with pleasant roundelay. The aged feel a kind of youth, and youth hath a spirit full of life and activity; the aged hairs refreshen, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day. The sheep's eye in the lamb's head tells kind-hearted maids strange tales, and faith and troth make the true-lover's knot. It were a world to set down the worth of this month; for it is Heaven's blessing and the earth's comfort."

Life has changed its tone since the author of "The Twelve Moneths" wrote this. But it is still possible to feel that the right note is struck here. We have no morris-dances nowadays, and it may be doubted if any British milkmaids now look into the eyes of lambs for instruction in affairs of the heart. But the wise angler still, as in Charles the Second's time, goes to the riverside as early in the year as he can, to tempt the trout in the season of their most confiding innocence. There are no such baskets of fish got in garish, magnificent July, as in bright, fickle April; and it is far gayer to throw the fly to the music of the carolling of birds than to the buzz of gnats gyrating in the fever of their brief existence.

Instead of morris-dances we Britons of the nineteenth century have excursion trains and other innumerable temptations to judicious vernal junketing. We have the Easter volunteer manœuvres, the chestnut trees of Bushey Park, the last football matches, and the beginning of cycle tours. And our hearts are much the same as the hearts of our forefathers, so that love's spring flourish is as earnest and lusty as ever it was, in spite of a metropolis of bricks and mortar housing four or five millions of mortals apart from the sunlit meadows and the ripple of silvery streams.

I suppose among its other attributes the spring may be credited with the most emphatic attempts at turning over new leaves in moral matters. Nature then seems so good and kind that it appears easier than at other times to chime in with her, and be no longer an unnatural son of so generous a mother. The March

winds may purify a character as well as a tract of malarious land, and the showers of April are full of promise and fertilisation for the future. If failure comes one year, why may it not this spring—or the next, or the next—be followed, for good and all, by a crowning success? At least, we may be encouraged to try, and trying, some people tell us, is only a little removed in order of merit from full-blown success itself.

ENGLISHMEN IN AFRICA.

ONE wonders where England would have been, as regards her standing among the nations, if the ideas of which we have heard a good deal of recent years had been current some centuries ago. If, for instance, attacks which have been made upon the recent proceedings of Englishmen in Africa had been made upon the proceedings of certain Englishmen in the days of "auld lang syne." True, Englishmen have been used to being attacked, but scarcely to being attacked from the same quarter from which these recent attacks have come: they have not been used to being attacked by their own kith and kin.

There was a time in England when the word "patriot" was looked at askance by decent men. And rightly so. There are, to-day, patriots and patriots. There is the patriotism of the gentleman who, metaphorically, desires the world to tread upon the tail of his country's coat, for the sake of "creating a little diversion." And, especially, there is that new sort of "patriotism," which is the characteristic of the "patriots" who are so keenly desirous to keep untarnished the stainlessness of their country's honour, that they would rather see her beaten than victorious in undertakings of which—for severely moral reasons!—they disapprove. This is a curious sort of patriotism. In England it is quite one of the features of the day. In France, or in Germany, or in the United States, or in any part of the world except in England, persons who indulged in this sort of patriotism in public places would, in a remarkably short space of time, find themselves in a position of singular discomfort. In England we manage things in a different way.

We are indebted for this sort of patriotism, possibly, to a misapprehension of plain facts. Without, for the moment, approving or disapproving of recent events in Africa, one thing seems certain, that, if English-

men had not behaved in the same way over and over and over again in the days which are gone, England, instead of being one of the greatest nations which the world has seen, would not only be one of the smallest but it would, probably, not be a nation at all. Present day geographers would describe it an appanage of one of the great powers—say of France, as, the conditions being what they are, the Isle of Man is an appanage of ours. Possibly such a state of things would accord with the views of some of our modern patriots. In such a case it might be that they would be inveighing against the greed and the cowardice of the Englishmen who were struggling for independence.

Moral force is a beautiful thing, although not infrequently it is difficult to know what is meant by moral force. But, if Jones runs a race with Brown, let the pundits say what they will, moral force will not win the race for Jones; if he does win, it will be because he runs faster than Brown. So in the race which is always being run between the nations. Moral force may be a beautiful entity, but beautiful entities do not score.

We have been told that the whole of the recent events in Africa have been in the nature of a commercial speculation. That a number of desperate men, of adventurers, went out there for the sole purpose of making money. One would like to know what has been the guiding impulse of men since the beginnings of time, but the desire of making money? What has populated America with white men but the desire of making money? What colonising expedition was ever undertaken, the root idea of the promoters of which was not the desire of making money? This is no new thing. As things are, money and life are practically interchangeable terms. We are all struggle-for-lifers. If a man cannot get money, i.e. life, where he is; if he is wise, if he has any of the essence of manhood in him, he goes to where he can. In some form or other the desire of making money has belliied out the sails of all the ships of all the explorers which the world has known. It wafted Drake across the waters, and Frobisher, and Columbus, and Cortes, and Pizarro—not to speak of the Phoenicians, the Romans, the Vikings, the Saxons, those undaunted freebooters who laid the foundations of the world. It was the desire for money which sent Englishmen in haste to Oceania—just as it is that desire which is sending the peoples of all the countries of Europe to what is rapidly

ceasing to be the Dark Continent. We have spent our blood and our substance in the endeavour to obtain an entrance; why should we, alone of all the peoples, decline to pass through the door which we ourselves have opened?

Let us avoid tall talking. Let us keep off that sort of moralistic platform which reminds us so inevitably of Mr. Pecksniff. Let us look plain facts in the face. Who among us has not a son, or a brother, or a relation of some sort, or at least an acquaintance, who is of the number of those who are making history in Africa? And why, as a rule, have they gone there? Is it not because the press at home is so great that it is becoming harder and harder for the average man, and especially for the average young man, to keep his feet in the crowd?

It may be replied—by some persons it is replied—that that is no reason why we, any of us, should go to a land which is not ours, and treat it as if it were our own. In thus replying, the individuals who are ladling out from the stock which they keep for their friends the morals which they wish us to accept as ours, seem to think that they have finally disposed of the question. They are mistaken. Surely, even slight reflection would show them that the question is one which bristles with complications. That to answer it as they seem to suppose that it can be answered would be to strike deep at every social and political, and one might almost add, moral institution at present existing in the world.

Socialists tell us that all men are equal; that they all have equal rights; that, in particular, they have all an equal right to the things which are. Surely, they do not intend their doctrines to apply only to some particular portion of the earth's circumference. If they intend their doctrines to have universal application, then, obviously, from the Socialist standpoint, we Englishmen, as men, have a right to a share of Africa. It is—always from the Socialist standpoint—absurd to suppose that one black man, merely because he is black, has the right to monopolise territory for his own extravagant, and, indeed, purposeless gratification, to the exclusion of, at least, ten thousand other men, to whom that very territory would mean the difference between life and death.

"Good" Radicals are beginning to insist that land is common property—not, of course, land in England only, but land all

the world over. If that is so, why should we, merely because we are Englishmen, be debarred from the enjoyment of our common heritage in Africa?

Theorists apart, our own common sense, our own hard experience, tells us that the charter of our rights is the strength to assert, and to maintain, them. So long as we are strong enough to hold our own, we hold our own; very little longer. This applies alike to individuals and to nations. It may seem a hard fact; some facts do seem hard; but it is a fact. It may not be the case in another world; it is in this. Practically, every foot of land in Europe, at the present day, is being held by the strong hand, and the strong hand only. In spite of their protestations of peace and of goodwill, the nations watch each other with jealous eyes, with their hands for ever stealing towards the handles of their swords. It is not because they love fighting for the fighting's sake. It might have been so once upon a time; it is not so now. It is because the feeling is growing stronger and stronger in the minds of men, that existence is, after all, in a great measure a question of the survival of the fittest; that the weakest goes to the wall; that the crowd is becoming so great that it is only by the exercise of its own innate strength that a nation, like an individual, can save itself from being trampled under foot.

Great Britain, geographically, is nothing at all. It is a mere spot on the earth's surface. But it is filled with a host of prolific men and of prolific women. Its already teeming population continually increases. To suppose that, in perpetuity, it can find room, within its own limits, for all its sons and daughters, is to suppose a patent absurdity. One might as reasonably assert that the piece of land which is sufficient to support a man and a woman, will be, also, sufficient to support all their descendants through endless generations. Our sons and daughters are, probably, as virile as their forbears, for which we, who have borne them, surely have cause to give thanks. What is to become of them? Are they to go under? Are we to dispose of them at their birth? Or are they to dispose of us, and so exemplify the survival of the fittest by causing youth to triumph over age?

This is not a problem which is peculiar to England. It is a problem which is besetting all the historic nations, both of Europe and of Asia. It is even beginning

to trouble a nation which relatively, as yet, has no history: it is beginning to vex the United States. There is so much land in the world, and no more. For the most part it is populated. Some of it is over-populated. Even in Australasia the land seems, for the moment, to have as large a population as it can bear. Only in one part of the world can there still be said to be, to all intents and purposes, no population at all. That part of the world is Africa. Speaking generally, the northern coasts of Africa have been known from the beginning. Thereabouts was the cradle of history. Still speaking generally, until the other day the remainder of its vastnesses was as little known to us as is now the planet Mars. We spoke of it, emphatically, as the Dark Continent. If its darkness is now becoming light, to whom, primarily, is that fact owing? To Englishmen! As the light broadens, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Belgians, Dutchmen, are advancing in increasing numbers towards the enjoyment of its rays. Are Englishmen alone to be excluded? The question has been asked before; it is repeated: why? On a point of morals? Go to!

Not much is known of the history of Central, of Southern, and of Western Africa, but what little is known shows this—shows it beyond any possibility of doubt—that if ever there was a part of the world in which the rule of the strong hand has been the only rule, that part of the world is here. It has been, for the most part, a history of perpetual warfare—warfare, too, which has been conspicuous for the absence of every element of fair play. Strength has prevailed over weakness, and, in prevailing, has used its strength with relentless, awful cruelty. The thing is not being urged as a sin against the African peoples; it is simply being stated as a fact. So far as we know, they have not pretended to the possession of any particularly burdensome code of morals; and they have acted consistently up to their pretensions. One result of this state of affairs has, not improbably, been this: that changes have taken place with kaleidoscopic suddenness; that every now and then one tribe has exterminated another with pantomimic completeness and rapidity; and that far the larger majority of the so-called tribes would be hard put to it if they were required to produce proof of twenty-five years of uninterrupted tenancy of the lands which they now claim as their own. How,

in the first place, did they come to be in their possession? The odds are considerable that the answer would be—by right of conquest. Why, then, to put it on the lowest grounds, should they object to being ejected—the process being attended by circumstances of incomparably less cruelty—in their turn, as they ejected the former proprietors of the soil?

One has read in one way or another a good deal about the occupation of Britain by the Roman legions, but one does not recall many passages in which that occupation is spoken of as a crime. After the Romans went, other people tried trips to Britain, and pretty havoc some of them seem to have played, until, finally, the Normans came to stay. One has also read a good deal about these transactions, but, again, one does not recall many passages in which they are spoken of as crimes. And yet if our treatment of Lobengula was criminal, how much more were those things criminal? Is it because they took place so long ago that we do not think of them as crimes, or is it because we are aware that it is in no slight degree to those very transactions that we, as a nation, owe our greatness? Do we not know that if a great future is in store for Central Africa, one step was taken forward towards that future when a handful of Englishmen laid the Matabele low? The same unbending code of morals cannot be applied to varying sets of circumstances. Loyola spoke correctly, out of the fulness of a wide experience, when he more than suggested that there are righteous crimes. What sane man would deny that the practical extinction of the Red Indian—crime, surely, according to every moral code, though it was—has not been justified by the history up to the present day, and by the promise for the future, of the United States of North America?

It is difficult to write dispassionately of contemporary events. The air is charged with electricity. Each man has his own axe to grind. It is not easy amidst the hubbub to perceive clearly who has the best claim to the grindstone. It is more than probable that mistakes have been made in Africa—mistakes of a kind which it is impossible to excuse. But it is just as probable that such mistakes have been made on both sides; indeed, on all sides, for the sides are many. The main question at issue is the question which this many a day has troubled philanthropists and politicians alike—the question of the white man and the black; of the man who calls

himself civilised, and the man whom we call savage. Those who have graduated in the only school which makes the scholar, the school of experience, assert that it is impossible for white men and black men to live on an equality side by side. Nature itself is against it; their ideas are not our ideas, and our ways are not theirs. One or the other must be dominant. Put two persons together in one house, one a weak-minded, self-indulgent wastrel, the other a clear-sighted, level-headed man, let them start with all the theoretical equality you like, which, very shortly, is bound to rule?

It may be true that recent events in Africa have been precipitated by operators on the Stock Exchange. Is there anything startling in that? In how much of contemporary history have operators on the various Bourses not had fingers in the pie? One would rather go out as the nominee of a treasure-seeking company, than in the employ of some of the so-called missionary societies—though it must be owned that it is to choose what is often the less remunerative profession of the two. But, in so doing, one is honest. One does proclaim what it is one is going to seek. The missionary, not seldom, amasses flocks and herds, and miles and miles of the choicest land, and waxes fat, and becomes the great man of the country, and he does it all under the cloak of his pretensions to preach the doctrines of the Man of Sorrows.

There would have been no need for the wire-pulling, stock-rigging company, were it not for the very men who are the first to exclaim against it. Africa might practically have been ours by now. We might have been free to come and go where we would. But these gentlemen of Little England have resolved that the advance of Great Britain shall be stayed; that she shall go back, not forward. So all the nations of Europe are taking advantage of the opportunities we flouted, and are crowding us out. It is quite on the cards that the next great European war will be the direct outcome of some boundary trouble in Africa, unless we keep backing out and backing out, as our friends the latter-day patriots so ardently desire. It was only when it was clearly perceived that Great Britain, as a nation, did not intend to secure for its children the benefits which were being offered by the opening up of the Dark Continent, that enterprising men began this company-mongering. Private enterprise stepped in

where national enterprise refused to tread. It is the story of the old East India Company over again. India was ruled by a private company for years. John Company made wars, and made and un-made nations; just as it seems likely that parts of Africa will be ruled by private companies. Whose fault is it? One has still to learn that, in matters of this sort, Great Britain arrogates to herself the power of not only refusing to eat the cake herself, but also of refusing to allow any of her children to take a nibble at it either. Is this the meaning of the New Liberty? of Radical Freedom? Our latter-day patriots would string Francis Drake mast-high. This is the age of the moralists, and now is the reign of morality.

"Does any one suppose," we are asked, "that these company-mongers have been actuated, in what they have done, by patriotic motives?" Not a bit of it. One supposes nothing. One desires to avoid tall talking, either on the one side or the other. The plain man accepts the plain facts. Of course they were seeking profit—and profit, first of all, for themselves. Again one asks, what has been the motive power of all the great deeds which the world has seen? And again one answers, in some form or other, self-advancement. If a man has not in him the element of self-seeking, he has nothing. For a man, or for a company of men, to have adventured their substance in Africa, or anywhere else, without a confident hope of getting, in return, something worth the getting, would have been an act of imbecility.

Doctors differ. We are told, by this authority, that in Africa Englishmen will, and can, flourish neither in health nor in estate; by that authority, that it is in all senses an El Dorado. Who shall decide? Adventures are to the adventurous. If there is any man who has in him the fibre which has placed the English-speaking race in command the whole world over, and seeks adventure, let him try Africa. Why not? He carries his life with him in his hand. As for his reputation, it can scarcely suffer more in Africa than in the dirty ditch of contemporary home politics. He will be a pioneer. A pioneer's work cannot be done with kid-gloved hands. He will find himself constrained to do things which, it may be, he would rather have left undone—that is the lot of the pioneer. He will be assailed, at home, by carping critics, fadists, doctrinaires, arm-chair politicians, who are, mostly, men of wealth, if of nothing

else, and who will shower mud on him in and out of season. And the chances are, that, after all, he will fail in attaining the object of his heart's desire. Possibly he will leave his bones to bleach upon an African plain. And, perhaps, some day there will rise in Africa another new thing, a great nation, such as is now rising in Australia; a new and an important factor, which shall go to make the product of the world; and he who went, and who stayed, will be accounted as if he had never been. The adventurers, the pioneers, the men who laid the foundations, will, no doubt, in the day of empire be forgotten, probably their memory will be hidden in a storm of obloquy. It is the fortune of war. As things are, the men who talk have a better chance of keeping their memory green than the men who merely do. What does it matter?

When one thinks of some of the things which have already been done by Englishmen in Africa, and reflects that some of these men, who have died "facing fearful odds," have been called cowards, one begins to understand what is meant by the revolution which, we are told, is taking place in the English language. The duel is a thing of the past in England. We are too moral. Were it not so, a coward would not be so quick to see himself mirrored in others. In no other country in the world would men be suffered to say with impunity the things which certain Englishmen have been saying of their fellow-countrymen who, in Africa, have been fighting their country's battles. It would seem as if in England we are, at least, becoming proficients in the arts of Billingsgate; license—not liberty!—of speech is becoming a national shame.

In Africa history is being quickly made, and the making is not unaccompanied by errors. But all the evidence goes to show that, generally speaking, there is an honest desire on the part of Englishmen to be tender towards native susceptibilities. Pioneers are neither aesthetes nor "dudes"; they are not even diplomats. They are, above and beyond all things, men of action. Acts which seem startling to us, at a distance, appear inevitable enough when you are on the spot, and especially when you know—a knowledge which stay-at-home Englishmen seldom realize!—that you are carrying your life in your hands. The native is a difficult man to live with—particularly to live in peace with. How difficult, one has to live with him to know.

It is easy enough to say that Englishmen have no right to come into contact with natives, or that they have no right to be in Africa at all. What right have we to be in India, or Russia in Asia, or France in Algeria, or Germany in Poland, or Austria in Hungary, or the Turks in Turkey, or the peoples in the United States to be anywhere at all? They have the right of the strong hand, and of the strong hand only. If we come to a question of abstract right, all the nations of the world will have to start digging up the bones of the aborigines; they will have to clothe them with flesh, and animate them with life. And, having done so, we who are now alive all the world over will have, with one accord, to go in for a policy of wholesale skedaddle.

Pray, where shall we skedaddle to?

MARCELLINE.

A COMPLETE STORY.

C'est le mois de Marie,
C'est le mois le plus beau,

sang the worshippers in the village church perched sixteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and they sang it again in their hearts when, early mass over, they came trooping out of doors into the May sunshine. There were banks of snow still in the dark ravines, and on the northern slopes of the mountains behind, but the buds were swelling on the birches, and the earliest of the warblers twittering among the tops of the still leafless branches. The steep rocky hillside already looked green in patches, and a vapour arose from the newly-exposed fields, reaching in long narrow strips down to the wooded bluff next the river.

Gesticulating vigorously to emphasize their quaint Canadian "patois," the church-goers sauntered in groups down the one street of the village. There was no sidewalk, and the few shops could hardly be distinguished from the ordinary cottages, with their high roofs and small windows. Last of the string of calèches and buckboards came Monsieur and Madame Michaud, a fine-looking old couple, with their daughter Corinne and their niece Marcelline on the back seat of the freshly-painted "quatre roux." The young girls were about the same age, and each wore a gaily-trimmed spring hat; but there the resemblance ceased. Corinne was the typical French Canadian—a broad-faced, pleasant-looking brunette, short and stout in figure—while Marcelline seemed a changeling of another

race. She was tall and slight, her fair skin warmed into a faint pink at the cheeks, her eyes were blue as the river in sunshine, and her hair was golden as the track of light upon the water.

When they reached the brow of the first hill to begin the steep descent to the lower level where the farms were, Monsieur Michaud got down from the buckboard and walked, while Madame drove. Corinne watched the sure-footed pony picking his steps as he zigzagged down the stony slope, but Marcelline's gaze wandered dreamily across the plateau below to the blue St. Lawrence, spreading himself twenty miles wide to take the green Isle aux Coudres on his bosom. From that height she could see over the island the main channel of the river bordered by the farther shore, a wavy purple band upon the horizon.

"There is no longer ice in the river," she said presently.

"No," replied Corinne; "Antoine will be well on his way to the fishing-banks by this time."

"When he ought to be at the plough," said Madame bitterly. Her other sons were all settled on farms near her, and she could not forgive the youngest for leaving the few acres around the old homestead which his father had reserved for him.

"Antoine was always fond of the water," pleaded Corinne for her twin brother.

"He went without his mother's blessing, and no good will come of it," replied Madame sternly, as her husband reseated himself and took the reins.

"Vex not thyself, ma mère," he said. "Antoine has departed in a poor boat with a difficult captain, and rest certain he will be back by haying time."

"He had better be home by then, the ungrateful one—to go off without leave of his parents, without even saying adieu!"

He had said adieu to Marcelline, but she did not think it necessary to mention that circumstance. Why should she tell her aunt, never too sympathetic, that Antoine had gone off in passionate haste because she had refused to marry him? It was but three days since they had walked together to the wharf to wait for a parcel expected from Quebec by the Saguenay boat, which touched twice a week at that port. Had the steamer been on time, or had Marcelline looked less fresh and sweet in her first summer gown, the declaration might not have come just then, for it took the girl by surprise.

"I love you like a sister, Antoine. Have I not been your sister ever since uncle brought me home when I was only twelve?"

"I have never thought of you as a sister," cried the impetuous Antoine. "I have loved you always, and I always shall, but I will go away, and then you will learn to care. One values not the sheep-dog that lies ever at the door."

He sent a message home to his mother, and embarked straightway on a schooner that happened then to be setting sail from the wharf.

Marcelline had not regretted her decision, but still on that slow drive home from church down the break-neck hills, her mind occasionally recurred to her uncle's expression, "a poor boat."

The Michaud farmhouse, roughcast and coloured yellow, stood several fields distant from the main road, across three ravines down which the spring torrents were rushing. Corinne jumped down from the back seat while the "quatre roux" was in motion, and ran forward to open the gate leading into each field, waiting also to shut it. She was active as her brother and almost as strong. Nothing seemed to tire her, but her unceasing energy, even the overflowing affection for herself, often wearied the sensitive Marcelline. With the twin cousins equally devoted to her, she had sometimes felt herself between two fires, but now that the fiercer flame was removed she hoped that the time would never come when she would miss its warmth. Undemonstrative by nature, she did not wish those who loved her to be too much like herself, and she noted, not without a twinge of jealousy, that Corinne seemed on the verge of setting up another idol in her heart in the shape of Lucien Potvin, the miller's son.

There were the usual number of Sunday visitors at the Michaud homestead that afternoon. It was still too cold for the elderly people to sit out of doors, but the young ones sunned themselves on the gallery at the front of the house.

At the top of the steps leading down to the tobacco-garden sat Lucien Potvin near the feet of Marcelline, who was swinging gently to and fro in a rocking-chair of home manufacture. Corinne watched the pair, though she kept up an animated conversation with a cousin from the village. He did not look strong, this young miller. Fair he was, like Marcelline, but he lacked the gold in his hair and the red in his

cheek, and when clad in his floury working dress he seemed all of a greyish white. In spite of his five feet ten inches Corinne could have thrown him in wrestling, and perhaps he suspected as much and stood in awe of her superior strength, for he sought ever to be with her gentler cousin.

"So Antoine has turned sailor," he said, looking up at the swaying face whose pinkness deepened to red as he spoke.

"Yes," responded Marcelline lightly. "But he will soon return."

"You think he will not stay the whole season down the Gulf?"

"No, why should he? He is needed here."

"A man does not always as 'he ought. You will tell him to come back?'

"I? How should I?" but her eyes fell before the mild blue ones so nearly the shade of her own, and she nervously fingered the locket which Antoine had given her at Christmas. It hung round her neck by a thick golden chain, and until recently had never been worn except on state occasions. Lucien was satisfied.

"That is why he went away," he said to himself. "I wonder if there is hope now for any one else."

Evidently he thought it worth while to try. Marcelline taught the twenty or thirty children in the small school down near the mill at the water's edge, and nearly every day he would contrive to meet her as she was going home. Perhaps it was to give her the earliest wild flowers which he had found in a sunny nook of the high bank along the shore, or to call her attention to the first blue-bird of the season, and later on to the white-throated sparrow, whose song without words he converted into "La belle Marcelline."

On the lower St. Lawrence the Queen's Birthday is not a festival such as Saint Jean Baptiste Day, and on the twenty-fourth of May Marcelline kept school as usual. Here too, as usual, was Lucien strolling out of the mill to meet her as she went past on her way home, ready with an excuse to detain her.

"Would you not like to sail a little this afternoon, Marcelline? The wind is fair."

"But the tide is going out. Here is Corinne coming down the hill now to go to the fisheries."

"Shame that she has to do Antoine's work! Is there no news of him?"

"None!" replied Marcelline shortly, as her cousin appeared at the head of the path leading down to the sands.

Corinne had seen the two, but was too proud to interrupt a tête-à-tête, and would have passed on with a wave of her hand but Lucien went to meet her.

"Corinne," he said, "will you not come in the boat with us? The tide is not yet far enough out for you to get to the fisheries, and Marcelline will go if you do."

Marcelline's wish was enough for the sturdy cousin, as Lucien knew it would be. Love for her was the one bond of union between these dissimilar natures. She had never done anything in particular to deserve it, had just been her gentle, cheerful self, and they worshipped her.

"If Marcelline wants to go on the water, I need not hurry myself. I can go too," said Corinne, and forthwith the three embarked in the clumsy boat which moved steadily enough with the sail up, though the tide was so far out that it bumped several times on the large boulders before reaching the main current of the river. Truly it was a tame affair, this going boating with Lucien compared to last summer, when Antoine had taken the girls out with him on the roughest days, when the motion was like tobogganning on a steep hillside. Marcelline remembered that once they had stuck fast on the huge boulder over there whose head was now far out of the water, and Antoine had at once jumped out into the river up to his shoulders, and by sheer strength had lifted the boat off. He was too impulsive, that Antoine. Why could he not stay at home and be sensible?

"Look at the seal, Marcelline," said Lucien, breaking in upon her thoughts, "over there, sunning himself on the rock."

He was light brown on the back, and showed greyish white below as he slid off into the water at their approach. Lucien was well-informed, could indeed read English, and told the girls many interesting things about the habits of the seal, and also of the porpoises that were tumbling in the distance; but what was that compared to Antoine's bold dash after the animals themselves?

They stayed out till the sun drew near the edge of the high hills behind the village, shining red on the tinned church steeple. Then Lucien brought the boat to the edge of the mudflats which extended nearly a mile from the shore, and, the tide being almost far out, besides the anchor he put two iron supports at her sides to keep the boat from tipping over when the water left her high and dry.

"You stay here, demoiselles, while I go ashore, and I shall bring out the hay-cart to drive you in."

So saying, Lucien took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers, and scrambling over the side waded and ran towards the mill.

"If Monsieur Lucien thinks I am going to wait to be driven in, he is mistaken," said the independent Corinne, and his back was no sooner turned than she, too, stripped barefoot, tucked up her skirts and splashed away, pall in hand, towards the fisheries to collect any flounders, smelts or sardines that might have been left by the receding tide in the little pool at the angle of the two fences of brushwood.

Marcelline sat still.

"I am honoured ;" she thought, "being driven in ! Antoine has carried me ashore many a time, but of course I could not let Lucien do that. He is not strong enough, for one thing. Antoine is like a giant ; but he can be gentle too. I wonder why he has not written ? Perhaps he will not get tired so soon as they think."

Lucien drove up in the hay-cart, urging his fat Canadian pony, the best-fed horse for miles around, to its utmost speed, which was not great. He had taken time to spread a buffalo robe over the straw in the bottom of the two-wheeled vehicle. Strange to say Lucien never missed Corinne, but drove ashore very slowly, sitting on the front of his cart with feet hanging down at the side, while Marcelline sat in the middle, leaning her yellow hair against the side rail, and through the opposite bars watching the shadows deepen on the purple hills which stood boldly out into the river beyond Baie St. Paul. Something about that familiar scene recalled so forcibly her absent cousin, that she was miles away in thought when Lucien spoke.

"Marcelline," he said, leaning back to look better into the refined, delicate features of his companion.

"Well, Lucien," she replied, without taking her eyes from the distant hills, and the request, whatever it was, died on his lips. He, too, turned his eyes to the dark blue mountains with a look even more wistful than her own.

There was a dance at the Michaud farmhouse that evening. The expected violinist did not turn up till late, but a youth from the village played the accordion, and those who sat round the low-ceiled kitchen stamped their feet in time. The men

danced together and then the maidens, in cotillion figures. Lucien went on his knee to Madame, asking leave to dance with Marcelline, but the aunt was obdurate. None but married women might dance with the men. There were no round dances, but Monsieur and Madame, as straight and supple almost as any young couple in the room, went through some steps facing each other. When Madame was tired, her married daughter skipped lightly into her place to keep the measure going, and when the perspiration broke forth on Monsieur's brow, a younger man came to the front, and so on, thus changed places until all had had a turn.

The company sang in the intervals, and Lucien, who had a tenor voice naturally light and sweet, excelled himself in "*Les yeux bleus et les yeux noirs*." The blue eyes were evidently his favourites, for ever and anon he glanced at Marcelline, while poor Corinne wrestled desperately with a strange new feeling which made her feel something akin to hatred for her gentle cousin.

About nine o'clock there was a fresh arrival, the belated violin player. He must surely have been the worse for liquor, or he would not have blurted out there, before them all, the news he had heard at the wharf :

"The schooner that Antoine went away on has sunk just below Todonsac. She was a leaky boat ; no one was saved."

"But Antoine ! Surely he is not drowned ?"

"That I know not. The boat touched at Todonsac. He may have got off there. If so, he will soon be home."

"Oh, yes !" said the father. "He was sure to land there. He would know by that time the boat was not safe."

"Ah, yes," said Madame, "Antoine is the bad penny that always turns up."

"He knows he cannot be spared longer from home," said Corinne ; but Marcelline said nothing. Only Lucien noticed that her face grew white as the folds of her kerchief ; and, when next he looked towards her chair, it was empty. Pulling his cap drearily down to his eyes, and without a farewell word to any one, young Potvin strode out into the darkness with an old pain renewed in his heart.

"She does care for him, after all !"

It seemed so indeed when day after day brought no news of the wanderer, and Marcelline drooped like a lily whose stem is broken down near the root. She lost her

appetite, the colour left her face; but her eyes glowed a deeper blue from the centre of dark rings.

The hay was more than ready to cut before Monsieur Michaud hired any one to help him with it, for he said :

"Antoine will be here in a few days."

But the haying time passed, and still he came not.

"He has been bound to have his season's fishing after all," said Madame severely. But often she shaded her sunburnt face with her still browner hand, and watched the small sails which now and then dotted the shining river to the east.

"Perhaps he is in that boat rounding the point just now."

Corinne did the work of a man that summer, besides helping her mother indoors; for Marcelline became weaker as the weather grew warmer. She was forced to give up the school. Going up and down the hill was too much for her, and she made the same excuse for neglecting Mass, though she had always been driven there.

It was Corinne then for whom Lucien watched on her way to and from the fisheries to ask daily for Marcelline.

"Lucien," said the girl to him one day, as she rested on the large boulder half-way up the hill, while he sat on the rail fence beside her, "Marcelline grows no better."

"No?" he replied, looking earnestly at the softened face of his companion, which was gaining beauty in his eyes during this anxious time.

"She was spitting blood last night; and such a fit of coughing! It broke my heart."

"I spoke to Dr. Vallère in the village to-day."

"Yes? What did he say, Lucien?"

"He said he feared consumption for Marcelline."

"Oh, Lucien!"

And stout-hearted Corinne bent her sunburnt face into her hands, and let her tears fall among the tommy cods in her basket. For the first time in his experience Lucien felt himself the stronger of the two. He moved over to the big stone beside her, and gently patted her shoulder.

"Never despair, Corinne! We shall save her yet."

"But how? What can we do?"

"Listen, my friend. There is to be an excursion to Ste. Anne on Monday from here and from Baie St. Paul. We shall take her there."

"But she does not believe—she will not go."

"You and Madame must make her go for your sakes."

"But she is too ill—"

"She may be while she is going away, but coming back she will be better. Do you not remember how Madame Edmond was cured of her rheumatism, and François Tremblay of his lameness? Our good lady of Beaupré loves not them more than us."

"If she will only consent—"

"You must make her, Corinne, though we should have to carry her on board. I shall come for Madame and you two at four o'clock in the morning."

For days Marcelline had been lying in the high four-posted bed which nearly filled her small bedroom, that had a door opening into Corinne's, and another into the sitting-room. It seemed barbarous to insist on her taking that rough ride down to the wharf, but she had grown so light that Corinne carried her easily to the miller's buckboard. There, with a pillow behind her, and Corinne's stout arm and shoulder to rest upon, she made the journey to the wharf with comparatively little fatigue, for Lucien drove slowly.

There were many passengers on the steamer, some going only so far as Baie St. Paul, others bent on pleasure merely, but the larger portion were devout worshippers on their annual pilgrimage. These spoke hopefully to Marcelline of the healing power of the Bonne Sainte Anne, and assured her that she would return on that same boat a different creature. She only smiled a little. She had no faith herself, and was making what she believed to be her final excursion, merely to please her aunt and cousin, who sat one on either side of her as she lay on the lounge in the stuffy little cabin. Through the small window astern she could look out at the St. Lawrence, smooth as glass in the morning sunlight, except the track which the paddle-wheels of the steamer had whipped into foam, and she kept thinking, thinking of the boat which had sailed away in the other direction never to return.

One after another they rounded the bold headlands of the north shore, past the tiny villages with their big churches exactly nine miles apart, till at last the mountain of Ste. Anne came in sight, with the great cathedral at its base looking like a toy church in comparison.

"Was there ever such a long wharf?" Marcelline thought, as she was driven slowly from the boat-side. With hushed voices and silent tread, the formerly noisy,

chattering crowd entered the large silent church, where they were greeted by the tall pyramids of crutches of the cured. There was a special service for the pilgrims ; and the white-robed priest, high up at the right-hand side, exhorted them to that faith which could remove mountains.

Upheld by her aunt and cousin, Marcelline tottered to the statue of the Bonne Sainte Anne, and fell on her knees with the group there. In the rebellion of her heart she had asked no spiritual comfort from the Church, and it was more in weakness than in faith that she knelt. As in a dream the familiar words of the Mass fell upon her ears, and she shed bitter tears for her lost love and her blighted life. She had been no great sinner that such desolation should have come upon her. She had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, and the one on earth dearest to her had been taken away before she knew that she loved him.

Some one of the kneeling crowd jostled her slightly, and looking up resentfully she saw that it was a little blind girl, turning her sightless eyes upwards, while her lips moved as she fingered her beads. On the other side of her was a woman holding a babe, on whom Marcelline saw the stamp of death. The mother held it out to the statue of Sainte Anne, and cried aloud in her agony that the child might be healed. Then there was a man with a misshapen hand, stretching it forth in supplication ; another shaking with fever ; and a third evidently imbecile, for his eyes roamed restlessly as he kept muttering to himself, and his friends kept hold of him. Others there were, both men and women, all bearing the impress of care and pain, if not otherwise deformed. Such a woeful group Marcelline had never even pictured to herself, and as she bent her head again the tears fell, not for herself alone.

"What am I, O Holy Mother, that I should alone expect to be happy in this world of misery ? I have been weak and selfish, make me strong." In token of renunciation she took the treasured locket from her neck, and added it to the host of trophies hung before the Bonne Sainte Anne.

It was a firmer and braver Marcelline who rose to her feet when the service was over. She would not take Corinne's arm

down the passage, and at the Convent near where Madame took her charges, she ate a little without being urged, for the first time since that sad Queen's Birthday.

"Truly a marvellous cure!" said the villagers.

It was a warm, dark, cloudy night, and she persisted in sitting on deck all the way home, watching the phosphorescence on the water. She seemed in a strangely uplifted state, and Lucien and Corinne exchanged joyful whispers that were a little mixed with awe.

It was very late when the home wharf was reached, but no one would have recognised the drooping invalid in the tall fair "demoiselle" with the steady walk. Somebody waiting near the lantern seemed to know her—somebody in a rough sailor dress with face burned even darker than its natural hue. That which Marcelline had renounced was given back to her.

"Antoine!" she cried and held out both hands, while he clasped her close, regardless of Lucien and Corinne, who after the first exclamation stood back—the sister a little jealous that even one so dear as Marcelline should be her restored twin's first thought.

Lucien pressed her hand in the darkness.

"We must be the first to each other now, Corinne."

She nodded her head gravely, but said nothing. Madame was off the steamer by this time and she was not so silent.

"So you have come back, have you, Antoine, now that the haying is over ? Where have you been — making us all think you drowned ! "

"I did not hear till to-day that the schooner I went from here on was sunk. I was not surprised, for she leaked badly. I left her at Todonsac and went up the Saguenay on another, and I have made enough money to pay for my share of the haying, mother, and to set me and Marcelline up housekeeping, if you will let us get married."

"Humph!" said Madame. "If it had not been for the Bonne Sainte Anne it would be her coffin only you would have to buy."

Antoine pressed more tightly the hand on his arm and whispered in his masculine disbelief :

"What has cured thee, Marcelline ? Was it Sainte Anne or Saint Antoine ? "

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT.

For particulars respecting Advertisement Spaces, address THE ADVERTISING MANAGER of "All the Year Round," No. 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

HOME NOTES.

HOME NOTES

AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO MAKE BLACK-LEAD INDELIBLE ON ZINC LABELS.—The part of the label intended to be written on should be rubbed over with pumice-stone. Then write on it with a black-lead pencil, and when the writing has been exposed to the air for a few days it will become indelible. If the label should by any means get covered with mould, it may be washed off and the writing will reappear. It is best to make labels for this process of old zinc.

TO CURE A BEEF TONGUE follow this recipe, and you will be delighted with the result. Make a brine by adding to three gallons of water half a pound of salt, three quarters of a pound of dark brown sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre. Let all boil together and skim, then remove the brine from the fire, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne, and when quite cold put in the tongues. They will be fit for use in a week, and will be found of a colour and flavour to satisfy the most fastidious.

WHITE GINGERBREAD.—Ingredients necessary are one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one ounce of ground ginger, the rind of one lemon, half a pound of castor sugar, one nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one gill of milk. Rub the butter well into the flour, add the sugar and the grated lemon-peel, ginger, and nutmeg. Mix these well together, make the milk just warm, stir in the soda, and work the whole into a nice smooth paste. Roll it out, cut it into cakes and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

THIS METHOD OF CLEANING CARPETS will, I hope, suit your purpose. Rub on with a flannel this solution: Two gallons of water, into which half a pound of soft soap is dissolved, and four ounces of liquid ammonia. Afterwards rub the carpet dry with clean cloths. If you send me your address, repeating your other question, I shall have much pleasure in writing to you.

YORKSHIRE TEA CAKES.—Rub six ounces of butter into two pounds of fine flour, add two eggs well beaten, one pint of milk, and one ounce of German yeast. Knead well, put it into a bowl, cover with a cloth, and set before the fire to rise. When the dough commences to crack, divide into cakes, roll them up lightly, let them rise before the fire for a few moments, and bake for half an hour.

ON PRESERVING FRUIT.—In many economical households one hears that preserving at home has been given up, as it is so often an unsuccessful process. This seems a great mistake, and I maintain that if certain conditions are ensured failure is out of the question. The fruits must be just ripe, freshly gathered, dry, and perfect of their kinds. All germs in the bottles or jars used, received by contact with the air or otherwise, must be destroyed by heat, in the form of boiling water. All germs of microscopic animal or vegetable life in the fruits, germs of fungus, growth, etc., must be quite destroyed in the cooking process. When this is done the air must be completely excluded, so that all germs will be kept out. The surest way to secure all these conditions is to put the fruit into bottles or jars, and after partially sealing them, put the jars into a large saucepan of cold water, place it on the fire, and let it gently come to the boil and keep it cooking slowly till the fruit is sufficiently cooked. Then keep the jars in the water till it is cold, seal the jars tightly, and turn on end. If jars leak they are liable to ferment, and if they do not leak no air can carry the seeds of fermentation to the contents. Fruits that require sugar to make them palatable are nicer if it is cooked with them. The mould constantly found on the top of fruit in jars, when the rest of the fruit is uninjured, has its origin in germs from the air that settled on the uncovered jars before they were sealed up. Therefore it is best to cover the jars as soon as possible. Fruit preserved with these precautions carefully observed will keep in sound condition till it is in season again. I have lately been having in tarts gooseberries which were preserved last year.

TO KIPPER SALMON.—I have never had the good fortune to have a whole salmon to spare for this recipe; but as you so often have, I hope you will find it excellent. Take a large-sized salmon in good condition, gut it and clean it thoroughly, also scale it, but do not wash it. Then split it and take out the backbone. Let it now be rubbed with a quantity of salt and brown sugar and a little saltpetre, all well mixed. Allow it to remain with this briny mixture about it for a couple of days, pressed tightly between two boards. After which spread it open and stretch it out flat with small pieces of wood. Then suspend it from the roof of the kitchen to dry, or, if desired, smoke it with wood.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE WAY TO PREPARE MEAT FOR CHILDREN.—When small children first take to meat it is always difficult to know in what form it can be given to them, without upsetting their digestions. The following is the method prescribed by a well-known children's doctor: Cook a mutton chop on a gridiron very lightly, so that all the juice is left in the meat; then cut the meat off the bone, carefully taking away every scrap of fat. Cut the lean up and then pound it in a mortar, and pass through a rather coarse sieve, with some dry bread, and, for a healthy child, a little cabbage, but no potato. Put the mixture on to a warm plate and pour hot beef-tea over it. This should not be given to a child younger than eighteen months, and at first not oftener than twice a week.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE PUDDING is not very extravagant at this time of year when eggs are cheap, and is a very dainty pudding. Place two ounces of chocolate in a basin, standing it in a pan of boiling water till the chocolate melts. Then stir into it one pint of boiling milk with two ounces of sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour and one of cornflour, which must be rubbed till smooth in a little cold milk, and strained. Stir in a lump of butter about the size of an egg. Cook until the mixture is smooth and thick. When this mixture is a little cool add four eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, and a flavouring of vanilla. Bake about half an hour in a pudding dish placed in a pan of boiling water.

BACHELOR'S OMELET.—Take a teaspoonful of flour, beat up two eggs, and with half a teacupful of milk make into a thin cream, add a pinch of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Melt in a small frying-pan two ounces of butter, when very hot pour in the mixture. Let the pan remain for a few minutes over a clear fire, then sprinkle upon the omelet some chopped herbs and a few shreds of onion; double the omelet dexterously and shake it out of the pan on to a hot dish. A simple sweet omelet can be made in the same way, substituting sugar or preserve for the chopped herbs.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER OBJECTS.—Alabaster objects are liable to become yellow by keeping, and are especially injured by smoke, dust, etc. They may in a great measure be restored by washing in soap and water, then with clear water, and polishing with shave-grass. Grease spots may be removed either by rubbing with talc powder or oil of turpentine.

WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.—Messrs. C. J. van Houten & Zoon, at the "World's Fair" at Chicago, have again upheld the reputation of their well-known firm. Their handsome detached building in Old Dutch style on the Michigan lake aroused general interest. The building is of two storeys, consisting of six attractively furnished rooms, where twenty girls, attired in Dutch costumes, had more than enough to do to satisfy the requirements of the multitude of visitors. From June until the close of the Exhibition about seven hundred thousand cups of Van Houten's Cocoa were degustated, a number never reached at any other Exhibition where the firm has exhibited. Not only did Van Houten's Cocoa receive the highest award, but Messrs. Van Houten's Exhibition Architect, Mr. G. Wijnen, received a medal for the building, the only award given to an architect for an unofficial building in the Exhibition Grounds.

TO CLEAN WOOL OF LAMBSKIN.—First wash the wool thoroughly with a solution of curd soap and rainwater. Rinse all the suds well out, and allow it to dry thoroughly. Procure a box with a good cover, place some laths across it in the middle, on which place your skin, wool downwards. Take an iron shovel, heat it till quite red, and place it on an iron to prevent its burning the box, then put upon it two rolls of brimstone, and cover the box over with both a lid and a blanket. In two or three hours your skin will be pure white and all insect life will be destroyed. I am sorry you did not give me your address, for then you should have had a more speedy answer. You need not be afraid of my not liking to write to one so far off, for I have many letters from Australia and have been delighted to hear that I have been of use to my correspondents there.

TO CLEAR SOUP WITHOUT IMPOVERISHING IT.—Make your stock, and when it is cold remove all fat and strain it through muslin. Cut very small one pound of lean beef freed from skin and fat. Place it in a saucepan, pour the stock upon it, and put it at a distance from the fire, just to simmer for about an hour, not to boil. Then strain it through a flannel bag. The residue will go into the stock-pot again. Soup made from fresh meat or bones will be quite clear if fried a nice brown before having the water added to it. The frying must only be enough to brown the meat on the outsides.

HOME NOTES.

"LOUNGING about the grounds of the Chicago Exhibition," says Mr. Howard Paul, writing in "The Caterer," "as I did, without any hard-and-fast rule, with a view of observing the people rather than the exhibits, I came upon many queer types, and I think the most obnoxious was the inquisitive visitor. There is a class of people who will ask questions at any moment of anybody who is handy, about the most commonplace matters. I took refuge at last in the British building, and was writing a letter. 'Are you allowed to write here?' was the first volley fired at me by a goggle-eyed stranger, who stared at my pen as if he suspected it of deadly possibilities directed against his peace of mind or safety. 'It looks like it,' I replied, as curtly as was consistent with courtesy. 'How much did this building cost?' I affected not to hear, but he did not take the hint. 'Did England build it herself?' he continued. I attempted a smile as I looked up, but I fear I badly mutilated it. 'Yes, it's constructed from a plan drawn by Mr. Gladstone, who came over in disguise and put it up with his own hands.' I thought the absurdity of this remark would choke him off, but there came back a persistent 'Bless my soul, you don't tell me—didn't he have any help at all?' But I fled to escape further persecution.

AN Irishman found himself for the first time pacing the deck of a large vessel bound for the States. He had his cutty in his mouth, but the wind being high, he had been unable to light it, and was in search of some sheltered spot where he could strike a match. He soon espied the stairs leading to the saloon. "Just the place," thought he. He stepped down a few stairs, and having lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy a comfortable smoke. Just then the captain approached, who, somewhat startled, asked Pat what he was doing there. "Can't you read?" he asked. "Yes, a little. Not much," replied Pat. "Well, can you read that notice up there?" pointing to the words, "Gentlemen are requested not to smoke." "Yes," replied Pat, who coolly went on puffing his pipe. "You can?" said the captain, his temper rising. "Then why don't you go somewhere else and smoke?" "Oh! that notice has nothing to do with me," said Pat. "Nothing to do with you? What do you mean?" "Phwhat do I mane? Why, that I'm no gentleman, and it would tak' a mighty dale to mak' me one."

IN the year 1829, when the Russians had taken Varna, nobody would venture to break the news to the Sultan Mahmoud. The Vizier, Khosrow—at that time Seraskier and General in the army—was to have undertaken this duty, as befitting the dignity of his rank. On meeting the Sultan he detected signs of a gathering storm, and feeling that the moment was unpropitious, he confined his remarks to subjects of trivial importance, and took his leave. On coming away he met Abdullah Effendi, physician in ordinary to the Court, who enquired in what mood he had left His Majesty. "I am thankful to say," Khosrow promptly replied, "he has taken it better than I anticipated." As soon as the doctor entered the audience-chamber, he said, with an air and in a tone of sympathy: "Sire, the Almighty does all things well, and we shall have to submit." "What has happened?" said Mahmoud, rather surprised. "For the sake of a hair plucked from the lion's mane, there is small need to shout 'Victory!'" "What do you mean? Explain yourself!" the Sultan here broke in impatiently. "It was written—" "Speak, I tell you!" shouted Mahmoud, with a terrible voice. "Sire, notwithstanding the unbelievers have taken Varna—" "Varna taken!" howled the Sultan. "Varna taken!" And with a kick he sent Abdullah spinning on the ground. The downy Vizier afterwards laughed at the success of his ruse.

"Two of our more distant neighbours," writes Mr. W. R. Le Fanu in his "Seventy Years of Irish Life," "were Considine of Dirk and Croker of Ballinagard, both men of considerable property, and each having in his hands a large farm. It was a moot point which held the richer land; each maintained the superiority of his own. At one time Considine had a farm to let. A man from the county of Kerry, where the land is very poor, came to see it, with a view of becoming tenant. 'My good man,' said Considine, 'I don't think you are the man to take a farm like this. It is not like your miserable Kerry land, where a mountain sheep can hardly get enough to eat. You don't know how the grass grows here! It grows so fast and so high that, if you left a heifer out in that field there at night, you would scarcely find her in the morning.' 'Bedad, yer honour,' replied the Kerry man, 'there's many a part of my own county where, if you left a heifer out at night, the devil a bit of her you'd ever see again!'"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL records a very strange habit of native mothers in the neighbourhood of Simla. He seems inclined to recommend its adoption in this country, but perhaps he is speaking in jest. He says: "I wonder not to have seen more notice of the curious practice of the hill women of putting their babies' heads under a spout of water to send them to sleep and keep them quiet. When the new cart-road was first made, there was a village at a halting-place where rows of such children might be seen in a grove close to the road. The water of a hill-spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of little spouts, each about the thickness of one's little finger. Opposite each spout was a kind of earth pillow, and a little trough to carry away the water. Each child was so laid that one of the water-spouts played on the top of its head, and the water then ran off into the trough. I can testify that the process was most successful. There never were such quiet and untroublesome babies as those under the spouts. The people were unanimous in asserting that the water did the children no harm, but, on the contrary, invigorated them. Certainly their appearance showed no signs that this singular method of bracing the intellectual part of their bodies had done them any harm."

A GENTLEMAN, after taking tea with a friend who lived in St. James's Palace, took his leave, and stepping back immediately fell down a whole flight of stairs, and with his head broke open a closet door. The unlucky visitor was completely stunned by the fall, and on his recovery found himself sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting with great exactness pieces of sticking-plaster to the variegated cuts which the accident had occasioned. For some time his surprise kept him silent; but, finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his head, he rose from the floor, and, limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the attention he had received. These were, however, instantly checked by an intelligent frown, and significant motion of the hand towards the door. The patient understood the hint, but did not then know that for the kind assistance he had received he was indebted to George the Second, King of England.

DANIEL O'CONNELL made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury every year, and he used to tell the following anecdote about his first visit: "I did not know the exact spot where the saint fell martyred, but the verger showed it me. I knelt down and kissed the stone which had received his life-blood. The verger, in horror, told me that he would be dismissed if the Dean saw that he allowed any 'Popish work' there. I, to console him, asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him half-a-crown, saying the additional one-and-sixpence was for his fright. He thanked me, and having carefully looked out into the grounds, he said: 'He's not there, sir; you may kiss it again for nothing. When a real gentleman comes, I let him do as he likes.' I think," added O'Connell, "that he wanted another half-a-crown, but, though I was never in office, I remained on that occasion under the crown."

THE late Sir Andrew Clark was amongst the earliest doctors to distinguish between the use of alcohol as a stimulant and its supposed medical qualities as a cure of half the ills that flesh is heir to. He discouraged the morning glass of sherry and biscuit, and would never tolerate the idea that anything of this sort was of medical service. If medicine, why take it daily? To many who consulted him he put the question insinuately: "Pray, what wine do you like best?" "A glass of port," replied the unsuspecting patient. "Exactly the thing you must not take," said the doctor. Sir Andrew was himself temperate, and even abstemious. A dignified Dean once saw him take a glass of wine, and remarked jokingly: "I am sorry, Sir Andrew, to see that you do not apply to your own case the recommendations that you give to others." "And I assure you," said Sir Andrew, "that it has been the regret of my life that so many of the clergy do not practise all that they preach."

PRACTICAL CHARITY.—The late Mrs. General Lacelles, when more celebrated as Miss Catley, the singer, was once entertained to contribute to the relief of a widow, whose husband had left her in a very distressed condition. She gave her a guinea, but desired to know the poor woman's address; and in three days called upon her with nearly fifty pounds, which she had in the interim collected at a masquerade in the character of a "Beguine" (a begging nun).

—
e
y
—
d
i
t
t
e
e
d
e
o
e
n
—
s
e
e
d
t
—
I
d
f
—
e
t
n
—
s
f
—
d
a
l
i
e
e
—
y
e
—
n
d
r
o
t
—
e
y
—
d
—
a
a
r
d
h
—
—
—